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M. C. CLARKE D. S. DENTIST—OF
FIVE, 52 1/2 Main street up-stairs. Teeth
extracted without pain.

J. A. McCAUSLAND, DENTIST—ARTI-
ficial Teeth from a single tooth to a full
set. Best set, upper or lower, \$25. Vitalized
Air for painless extraction of teeth, safe and
harmless. Office, 372 Main street, Winnipeg.

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rooms at 815 Main street, near C. P. R.
Depot; meals at all hours. Good stabling &
storage room for farmers & others coming to
the town.

DR. DALGLEISH, SURGEON DENTIST,
New York Graduate. Nitrous Oxide
Gas given for painless extraction. Office over
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Hours—Day and Night.

FOR SALE CHEAP
Amateur's Portable Photographic 14 Plate
Camera [Lancas's best] quite new, Tripod
stand, lamp, Leather satchel & all appliances,
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FOR THE HOLIDAYS
RADIGER & Co
477 MAIN STREET

Have on hand a large and well assorted
stock specially selected for the HOLIDAY
trade at LOWEST PRICES.

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An Extensive Stock of FANCY groceries.
SPECIAL PRICES quoted on NEW
Raisins, Currants, Peels etc.

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CONFECTIONARY
AND BISCUITS
Six o'clock Grocery
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—AND—
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249 Main St.

5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 35, & 50 Cents
Counters.
HEADQUARTERS for Christmas gifts.
Thousands of useful articles.
You can save from 50 to 100 per cent in buy-
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Store open from 7:30 a. m. until 10 p. m.

THE CASH GROCERY STORE!
FRUITS!

We are now receiving our supply of New
Season's Valencia Raisins, Plantains, London
Layers, Black Raisin Layers, Dehases and Ve-
goes. Cases Patras Currents.

Vastizza Currents, Very Choice.

FIGS, extra choice, Lemon, Orange and Cit-
ron Peel of the finest, Logberry

E. HUNTER & CO
72 PORTAGE AVENUE.

DREAMLAND.

Dear are the realms of Dreamland,
Sweet is the Queen of Sleep;
She lifts her wand of silence—
We cease to smile or weep.

She leads us to the portal,
She opens wide the door;
The present is no longer;
The past is ours once more.

We see our loved and lost ones—
We fondly clasp the hand
Of those who in our waking
We think in spirit land.

They speak to us in all known tones,
We breathe our low replies;
We read the same unchanging love,
Deep in their soul-lit eyes,
And e'en the faint rose perfume floats
About the sunny hair;
'Tis thus our memories often cling
To trifles light as air.

Between us and the buried past
Sleep only holds the chain;
'Tis sever'd when the closed door
Of Dreamland opens again,
— Emma H. Adams

RUTH

BY AGNES L. SADLER

From the Catholic News

More than two hundred and fifty years ago, while New York was yet New Amsterdam, in the "days of straw roofs, wooden chimneys, and windmills," the good ship "Queen Esther" brought thither a young Hollander named Heinrich Van Dam, who had been induced to emigrate by the hope of bettering his fortunes. It proved no delusive one, for having engaged in the first trade, he met with so much success that he was in a short time the possessor of a comfortable wooden house presenting a gable end of black and yellow bricks to the street and surrounded by a large garden, which in summer, was bright with tulips, white lilies, margolds, gillyflowers, garden violets, red and white carnation roses, and other flowers well known and dear to the gardeners of the lowland.

In the course of time, Heinrich wooed one of the blooming young beauties of New Amsterdam, and with so much success that Kathrine's substantial presence soon adorned his home. A huge oaken chest filled with the household linen, which a large portion of her girlhood had been devoted to spinning, in preparation for the momentous events, accompanied her. The event justified his choice; for fifty years, Kathrine proved a wife of which any Dutch burgher might have been proud; and Heinrich's prosperity waxed with his years, so that when he at length passed away, he left so ample a fortune that he was held in the deepest esteem by his descendants and his portrait, painted by Franz Hals during one of Van Dam's visits to the fatherland, was greatly prized among them and always hung in the place of honor in the dining room or library of its fortunate possessor.

The qualities which had distinguished Heinrich Van Dam were equally developed in his descendants. The family grew in wealth and influence with the city. At length about twenty-five years before the time at which my story begins, owing in the early death of an only son, its eldest branch was represented by an only daughter, Caroline. Imperious, ambitious for wealth, and conscious of great ability, Caroline was yet devoid of the pride which distinguished her family, and resolved if it suited her plans, to defy the unwritten law which required that its members should mate only with members of Knickerbocker families as old, and as distinguished as she chose to consider its own.

In the course of time she said to herself that it was necessary to break this rule, and accordingly did so. The only man among her numerous suitors whose gentle unworldly character, and utter lack of self-assertion, she felt might be depended upon to insure to a wife the scope which she desired was Robert Ames—a gentle, handsome and wealthy invalid. And Robert Ames accordingly she wedded.

Five years after the marriage, which though brilliant, was not a very happy one for the husband, he died leaving two children, Robert and Ruth, both of whom inherited their father's looks and disposition. That this should be so in Ruth's case pleased Mrs. Ames extremely, but she was bitterly disappointed to find that Robert had not inherited her own qua-

ties but possessed his father's weak constitution. A sickly boy, unable to remain at school or scarcely to study at home he aroused no emotion in his mother's heart save contempt. To her he seemed nothing but a living denial of her long jing for a son and heir to carry on the work which she had furthered so greatly the building of a colossal fortune which should render their name a synonym for wealthy in the mouth of men. So turning from her own son, Mrs. Ames centered her hopes on Schupler Van Dan, a distant relative and a man after her own heart. Poor Robert grew up untaught and unnoticed, and realized more and more each day his dependent position; until at length he announced to his mother that he intended to procure a situation in order to support himself. She offered no opposition, and a few weeks later he was made one of the assistant bookkeepers in the great house of Desmond & Sons, engaged in the Mediterranean trade. His slim salary was a source of pleasure to him, conferred as it did independence upon himself and rendering him able to procure for Ruth those countless little gifts dear to a girl's heart.

But, one rainy March evening, Robert came home and said that he did not feel well. The following day he was unable to go down town, and as shivering in his overcoat all day, and as he shivered about the heater, vainly trying to heat his chilled body with the faint breath of warm air which the small furnace fire below sent up through the great chimney. The next day found him no better, and Ruth insisted upon his going to bed.

But the thought that his place with Desmond & Co., might be filled, made him so anxious that Ruth saw that he would get no better until it was settled. But how was it to be done? She proposed to write, but Robert shook his head. So much depended upon it, he said, he said that he would like her to go herself, and after some demur, Ruth consented. To what would she not have consented for Robert's sake?

Accordingly, in the afternoon she set out for Pearl street, and succeeded without much difficulty in finding the dark, dingy looking counting house whose shield bore the name of Desmond & Co. In response to her request to see Mr. Desmond, the clerk conducted her to a small office where a gentleman was seated at a desk, within. He turned round as the clerk entered, and then he perceived Ruth, rose with an expression of surprise upon his face, for the visit of a lady was an event unchronicled in the history of the house, Ruth instantly recognized him as Mr. Anthony Desmond from Robert's description; he was tall, fair, with florid complexion and winning blue eyes—the type of a healthy, honest gentleman.

On his part, what Desmond saw was a tall, fair young girl, whose face would have been beautiful, but for the lack of something undefinable; it reminded him of an exquisite flower which had bloomed in the shade. He also noticed that she was dressed more richly than well bred women usually are in the street; and his notice of this fact gave place to wonder at it, when, as soon as she was seated she said hastily, "I have come to see you in regard to your bookkeeper, Mr. Ames, who is ill."

"Ah!" said Desmond, suavely, in reply but inwardly wondering what on earth she had to do with the assistant bookkeeper, whose salary was manifestly inadequate to the purchase of velvet costumes.

"Mr. Ames is my brother," went on Ruth, "and he wished me to see you and explain that in a few days he will be able to resume his place, if things could be so arranged that—that"—here she fairly came to a standstill, blushing with mingled earnestness and bashfulness.

"I trust your brother's illness is not serious," said Desmond, who suddenly felt so strong an interest in his pale, delicate looking young clerk that we must really pardon her for believing that it was new born but existed ever since he had first beheld him languidly toiling at his desk.

"Oh, not at all," said Ruth, firmly believing, in her youthful ignorance that

she said was true, "Robert has just caught a very bad cold, and it will not be safe for him to go out for a few days."

"I am glad it is not anything more dangerous," replied Desmond; "as for filling your brother's place, we should never dream of such a thing while there was a prospect of his return to us. His service has given us much satisfaction for that." Here, it must be confessed, Desmond encroached a little upon the truth in his desire to please the young girl, and was rewarded by seeing Ruth's face glow with pleasure and pride at Learning Robert pleased.

"He will be so pleased," she murmured, and then rose to go. Desmond accompanied her through the counting house, and when they had reached the door said, in obedience to a sudden impulse, "If your brother is not to ill to receive visitors, I should like to call on him to-morrow evening and see how he is getting on."

"I am sure he would be very happy to see you," answered Ruth, though she was extremely surprised. Then they parted. Ruth to hurry home with the welcome news to Robert and Desmond to return to his office and spend a large portion of the afternoon in speculating about his bookkeeper, to whom a salary of a few dollars seemed so necessary, and who yet possessed a sister who went at tired in velvet. If his parents were wealthy, surely they would not oblige a poor young fellow to work who was manifestly unable to do so; if they were not, how came she to wear great diamonds drops in her ears, and Alaska rubies fit for a princess. Suddenly he remembered that he had never asked her address, which might leave some light upon the subject. He enquired of the clerks, but none of them knew young Ames' address. Then he sent for the City Directory; but only to find that it was like seeing the proverbial needle in a haystack, to look for what he wanted here. There was not a trade nor a business that did not seem to have Ames engaged in it, with an exclamation of disgust, he shut the book. But his desire to see Ruth again grew greater in proportion as its gratification seemed more impossible. Again and again his thoughts reverted to her, as he sat writing in his office, as he rode home in the elevated train, and as he dressed for dinner, so that it was not at all to be wondered at, that he suddenly said to his sister, Mrs. Carr, who was dining at home that evening:

"Amy, did you ever hear of or know any people of the name of Ames?"

Mrs. Carr, who enjoyed the reputation of knowing everybody who was worth knowing in New York, cast her eyes down in thought for a moment or two, and then looked up triumphantly, as she answered:

"Why, yes, there is a Mrs. Ames who lives in St. Mark's Place. Then there are two old gentlemen of that name who live in Fifty-seventh street, and are extremely generous in the cause of charity."

"Have either of these old gentlemen any children," asked Desmond eagerly.

"They are bachelors," answered his sister.

"Well then the lady in St. Mark's Place has she any children?"

"She has one daughter" replied Mrs. Carr; "I don't know whether she has any more or not, but I hope she has not. The way that girl is brought up; she is twenty years of age, but has never been introduced into society, and goes on the street with great diamonds in her ears, and never dressed in anything but the heaviest velvets and silks. People say she is going to be married to that Schuyler Van Dam who goes about with the mother everywhere."

It was Mr. Desmond's time for scorn, which he expressed with that freedom which is permitted in the family circle.

"What," said he, "that Schuyler Van Dam whom I met at your house one evening,

"The very same," acquiesced Mrs. Carr "I know he is not much to look at," she went on apologetically, but he is very wealthy, and I assure you, Mrs. Ames does not think of the persons, but of the two great fortunes which will be united by this marriage."

"And has Miss Ames nothing at all to

say in the matter?" asked Desmond ho-

ly. "Not much I fancy" said Mrs. Carr tranquilly, but at the same time gazing keenly at her brother from behind her fire screen. "I fancy her mother has brought her up to know no other will than hers."

"I would not be sure of that," began Desmond.

Just then the entrance of some visitors divided Mrs. Carr's attention, and the conversation was not resumed.

The following evening which our climate furnishes in such abundance, muggy undertoot and foggy overhead; eight o'clock found Desmond, slowly walking along St. Mark's Place and peering through the fog at the numbers over the doors of those ancient abodes of gentility. At length he paused before one which was conspicuous for its gloom; and ascended the stoops. In response to his ring, the door was opened by a woman, whose pleasant, motherly face framed in gray hair, was imperfectly revealed by the dim light. No, Mrs. Ames was not at home, she answered, in response to his enquiry, but Miss Ames and Mr. Robert were, and then she showed him into a vast desert of a drawing-room, whose chilly atmosphere made him shiver, and departed with his card to upper regions.

In a few moments she re-appeared and requested him to follow her. He did so, and she conducted him up two flights of stairs to a room in whose open doorway Robert stood, waiting to greet him, and which presented a striking contrast to the dreary drawing room. It had been Mr. Ames' study, its walls were lined with book-cases, and since Robert began to earn money Ruth had striven with unskilful but loving hands to give it a pleasant aspect. A few yards of gaudy orange made curtains for the window, and covered the faded gray of the two easy chairs, and the lounge. The hideous marble top of a black walnut table was hidden by a deep red cover. In consequence of the continued dampness permission had been wrung from Mrs. Ames to light a fire on the long unused hearth, and it was now burning brightly so that as a whole, the room looked very comfortable and cozy to Desmond, fresh from the wet, cold streets.

Robert was unfeignedly glad to see him, and Ruth, who entered the room a few minutes later, was pleased with whatever pleased Robert, besides which, she was more at ease than she had been the day before, so that they then passed a very pleasant evening. "I regret that your mother is not at home" said Desmond at length "I should have liked very much to meet her," not adding that he intended to speak plainly to her concerning Robert's unfitness for the room, and the refinement of a counting-house. "Yes, it is unfortunate" answered Ruth, "What makes it more provoking is that mamma very seldom goes out in the evening, indeed does not care to, but some old friends, relations in fact, prevailed upon her to dine with them this evening."

"Yes, that is worst of relatives," replied Desmond, pleasantly. "They are altogether too fond of consulting their own tastes in regard to our pleasures, for instance, my sister insists that my father shall be present at every entertainment she gives, and the consequence is that he endures several small martyrdoms every winter. Then, in return, at my mother's receptions, Albert Carr, my sister's husband is offered up as a victim."

"Does he never try to resist?" asked Robert, laughing.

Desmond shook his head and smiled in return. "He may have dreamed of doing so, but in his saner moments he realizes that it must be useless. Amy has always had her way and always will, I prophesy."

The name of Mrs. Albert Carr was so potent a one in the fashionable world that its fame penetrated even into the remote regions of St. Mark's Place. Like all people who live out of the fashionable world, Ruth had no conceptions of how simple and easy it is to get on with really well bred people, and if she had known Desmond to be long a member of it she would have been kept at a disadvantage in his society by a sense of her fancied deficiencies. But now it was late for the knowledge to save her; Desmond's frank almost boyish manner made him surprisingly easy to talk to, so that before he rose to go, at 10 o'clock the brother and sister felt as if he were an old friend.

To be Continued.